

MOTHER'S DAY

Cher sang to turn back time.
I wouldn't if the choice were mine.
And its mother's day today,
At work – but I am far away.
In a place where little hands
Played with dolls, teddies – trucks in sand,
On my lap, in my bed - happily!
Cuddling, squealing, teasing – gleefully!

Time's not still - not the same.
Life is now strategic – like a chess game.
And its mother's day today
And I wait, and will wait all day.
Who makes the first move on the board,
Early, late – or not at all.
And I panic. I worry. I despair.
And tell myself, “not important – don't care”

But I do care and look for blame.
It's me – I admit with shame.
And its mother's day today.
Guilt – like a pendulum with sway
Hangs from me with heaviness.
And I marvel at the cleverness,
That tricked me to follow a move
Fell into a rut – clever chiselled groove.

It's my fault – I don't deny.
Long stopped asking myself why.
And it's still mother's day today,
Will still check for texts all day.
If I could turn back time?
A cliché – but the future's mine.
And yes – it's still mother's day today.
The pain of past - just doesn't go away.